

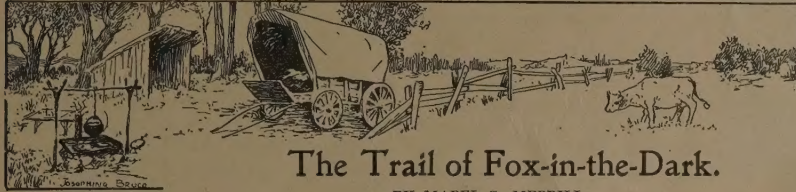
THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME XII. No. 10

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DECEMBER 4, 1921



The Trail of Fox-in-the-Dark.

BY MABEL S. MERRILL.

CHAPTER ONE.

THE four young Spurlings and their father had walked the five miles from the station of the little country town to the place where they had expected to find the old empty farmhouse. Now they stood in the dooryard and stared at what looked like a heap of ruins. A great gale last night had lifted the roof and crumpled it up on the grass some yards away. Timbers had fallen in some of the upper rooms and most of the windows were broken. The battered front door sagged forward, held by a single hinge. Phin, the oldest Spurling boy, gave a low whistle as he looked at the ruins the storm had left.

"Strikes me we'll have to hunt up another house to camp in this summer, Dad," he said.

"Let's sleep in the barn," shouted eight-year-old Len, pointing to the big building some distance away. A thick clump of elms had broken the force of the gale on that side and the sturdy old barn was as good as ever.

"Remember, your mother was intending to come down as soon as we got things in order for her," suggested Mr. Spurling. "And here's the two young ladies to think of. How do we know they would like to sleep in a barn?" He glanced at his two daughters, Lillian, aged thirteen, and twelve-year-old Nina, generally called Nix.

"If you mean Lil and me," spoke up Nix, quickly, "we should think it was all the more fun. Who cares where they sleep in summer vacation?"

They all went to peep into the barn, but Mr. Spurling shook his head as he looked. "Too dark and shut-up," he declared, "and probably full of bats and rats. It'll be better when we have the big doors open all day and new hay going in. But it won't do now."

By this time the four youngsters were beginning to look worried. They had never in their lives spent a summer in the country, but Daddy Spurling had talked to them about his boyhood here till they had come to think of the farm as a kind of real fairyland. Were they going to be cheated out of these long precious vacation weeks they had looked forward to with so much pleasure?

"We can sleep outdoors," urged Nix, "and put up umbrellas over the heads of our beds when it rains. Don't say we must go back to those hot, stuffy little rooms in the city, Daddy."

Mr. Spurling would make no promises

as yet. He said they would walk up the long field by the river and see how the grass looked. For years he had hired the hay cut and put in the barn, but for the last two or three summers it had cost as much as the crop was worth to get the work done. So this year, seeing that the young folks were so anxious for a summer in the country, he had decided to try getting the hay himself with the help of his oldest son. Phin was seventeen and strong for his age, and the three younger children would be of some use. With Mrs. Spurling to keep the house it had seemed as though they might have a pleasant summer.

As the girls followed their father and brothers out of the barn, Nix stopped to exclaim over a thought that had just come into her head.

"Why, Lil, if we don't have any house to live in, we shall get rid of that horrid Otis Spurling. Of course Daddy will send word to him right off not to come at all."

"That horrid Otis Spurling" was the son of Mr. Spurling's cousin and he had spent a summer with them two years ago. It had been a trying summer for them all, and they had been quite dismayed when, last week, Otis's mother had written to ask if the boy might come and spend the vacation with them at the old farmhouse.

"Otis might not be so bad now as he was then," suggested Lillian. "He had been sick a long while and perhaps he couldn't help being cross and fussy. I did get so tired reading to him and trying to fix things the way he liked!"

"It would be lots worse here at the farm," declared Nix. "He would want to stay in the house every minute and we should be wild to get outdoors. He wouldn't want to do a thing that we did. Oh, I'm glad the roof did blow off if it keeps Otis Spurling away."

They left the barn and followed the path up the riverbank. That long field running for more than half a mile beside the river was the largest mowing-field on the farm, and it was a beautiful sight this morning with the tall blossoming grass as high as Len's head. Mr. Spurling grew excited as he looked at it.

"I tell you what, Phin," he exclaimed, "it's going to be a bumper hay crop, and if we can cut and cure it without laying out a whole lot of money, we shall be five or six hundred dollars richer when we go home in the fall."

"Then we'll do it," announced Phin,

firmly, "if we have to sleep in these bushes along the riverbank. We kids can get along all right, and in a day or two we'll get a chance to fix up some place for Mother."

They had arrived at the wrecked farmhouse at ten in the morning. Dusk found them encamped at the upper end of the long field with their arrangements pretty well completed. The field was bounded on one side by the river and on the other side by the big pasture swamp. They had made their camp on a dry strip of land just inside where the pasture fence had been, so that they had the swamp behind them and the tall grass of the field in front. Phin, mounted on the one-horse mowing-machine, had mowed a wide strip the whole length of the field, making a road from the barn to the camp. They had brought up two hayracks with the old horse Mr. Spurling had borrowed for the summer. The long racks or carts with beds of dry leaves in the bottom made pretty good sleeping-rooms. Nix and Lillian had contrived a roof for theirs by spreading a big piece of oilcloth from side to side across the high railing. The boys had done nothing to their rack except to haul it up close to the bushes where they would be between the girls and the swamp—to keep off the owls, Len said.

"There's always owls and things in a swamp," he informed his sisters. "If you should hear one hoot in the middle of the night, you'd be so scared you'd wish you had stayed down in the barn with the rats."

"Why didn't somebody tell us before that a hayrack makes the best kind of a bedroom?" cried Nix. "I'm going to write to Mother and tell her what fun it is, and I know she will come right down."

There was no time to-night to make arrangements for their outdoor house-keeping. They ate supper from what was left in their lunch boxes, then they curled up in their beds of dry grass and leaves and went to sleep as if there were no tomorrow to worry about.

When Lillian waked in the morning she rubbed her eyes open and sighed a little.

"If we were at home," she said plaintively, "we could have a nice hot breakfast. I'm afraid there isn't a crumb left in the boxes."

"I hope you're not homesick for those little rooms that are just like an oven all summer," retorted Nix, severely. "What does it matter about things to eat? I saw some strawberries in the grass; we can eat those till we get something else. Look, what do you suppose Daddy and the boys have found over the other side of their hayrack?"

They ran to see, and found their father and brothers staring hard at a good useful outdoor kitchen that seemed to have come up out of the ground in the night, right behind that hayrack where the three sleepers lay. There was a Dutch

oven, and some kettles and frying-pans, and a hollow in the ground where dry sticks were laid all ready to light. There were knives and forks and cups and plates, and beside all the other things stood the big box of groceries which Mr. Spurling had ordered last night.

"I told the grocer to leave the box on the doorstep of the old house and we'd haul it up here ourselves," observed Mr. Spurling. "Neighbor Myers must have brought it up for us, and all these other things. They're all from the old house. That's Grandmother Spurling's Dutch oven she used to bake her bread in. What puzzles me is how he did all this without our hearing a sound of him."

Mr. Myers, whose house was the only one near the Spurling farm, soon appeared with milk and eggs for the campers' breakfast and he at once declared that he hadn't brought any of "that collateral." "I saw the grocer's box setting on the old broken doorstep last night at dusk," he said, "and thinks I, I'll take it up to 'em first thing in the morning, but when I came along just now it was gone, hook, line, and sinker, as it were."

"Must be there's one of those helpful folk about, like we read of in the old fairy-books," mused Daddy Spurling. "A brownie, shouldn't you say, Len?"

Len shook his head mysteriously. "No, I believe it's a nice tame Indian that comes out of the swamp when we are all abed. It's just the place for an Indian. I'm going to call him Fox-in-the-Dark and you see if I don't catch him at it some night."

Phin had knelt down to light the fire when a beating noise in the air over their heads made them all look up. They had hardly expected to see airships in this old-fashioned, up-country place, but there were two circling about in the sky. The larger one, they guessed, was the passenger plane which they had heard was making regular flights from the city to the beach. The other was a smaller craft which was diving and circling around its companion like a playful swallow around a big eagle.

"One of those little fellows that go around doing trick flying at the fairs and summer resorts," Daddy Spurling decided. "There, the big fellow has got tired of the little one's antics and gone on and left him. Looks to me as if the one that's left is coming this way."

There was no doubt of it next moment. The small plane came lower as it came nearer and presently was swinging over the long field. In fact it came so low that Len dodged under the hayrack and lay there with only his eyes exposed as he watched the tricky little ship.

"I do believe the thing is going to land," exclaimed Phin. "This long field is the best kind of a place."

But they were disappointed. The plane soared away over their heads, and as it went something dropped on the ground—a white packet that fluttered like a bird to Lillian's feet. She picked it up, looking a little bit awestruck, for none of them had ever before had a message from an airship. It contained only one scrawled line of writing on a scrap of paper which was wrapped in a handkerchief and weighted with an old pocket-knife.

"Hello, campers," it read. "Nice field

you have here. Don't be surprised if you have callers some day."

At this Len danced about in wild excitement and began to wonder if Fox-in-the-Dark couldn't be an aviator after all, and whether he might not have landed all these things from his plane while they were asleep.

"Nice handy lot of truck to carry in an airship," laughed Phin. "Come on, now; let's have breakfast before a tank or something comes plowing out of this swamp and scoops us up with our haying not even begun."

(To be continued.)

December.

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON.

WHEN snow lies deep on field and hill,
And forest ways are drear,
When blust'ring North Wind has his will,
Then sad December's here.

When stars like silver candles gleam
Above a frozen world,
When fettered is each silent stream,
And flakes are tossed and whirled;

When children frolic in the snow
Or sing of Christmas cheer,
When sleighbells chime and hearthfires glow,
Then glad December's here.

The Hartwick Code.

BY HOWARD E. MARSH.

LEXINGTON COUNTY was in mourning. In fine houses and little houses, in the stores, over back fences, there was subdued conversation. Grave faces peered into other grave faces, questioningly. Yes, they all knew. Like a moaning wind the news passed through the county—"Colonel Hartwick is dead; the old colonel has gone."

And everywhere the sorrow was linked with a question: "What will Buddy do? Buddy, the last of the Hartwicks, but recently robbed of father and mother and now left by his grandfather,—what will Buddy do?"

Buddy himself was wondering. In the stable back of Hartwick Hall, his face was pressed against the neck of Major Rockingspeed, the best two-year-old in the depleted Hartwick stock. Perhaps Major, too, was wondering, for he turned to lip the stubble of red hair and gaze compassionately into the set, earnest little face. Buddy's eyes were shut to keep back the tears, but he felt Major's mute sympathy.

"Well, anyway, Major, you and I still have each other, that's something." He patted the colt's sleek neck. "We'll stick together, whatever happens."

Poor Buddy! As he spoke he heard footsteps and looked up to see Mose Greenberg, money lender, approaching.

"Come out to say good-bye to the Major, eh?" Mose asked, vainly trying to be both cheerful and sympathetic.

"No," Buddy answered shortly. "Major and I are going to stick together."

Mose assumed a decisive air. "Not unless you come to my stable to live," he said.

"What do you mean?"

"Your grandfather mortgaged the place, and everything on it to me. I'll be lucky

to get out of it all that I loaned him. The colt belongs to me now."

Buddy was silent. The great lump in his throat seemed to choke him. At last he swallowed hard and asked, "Couldn't I buy Major back from you?"

"Why, yes, if you have three hundred dollars. He's a likely-looking colt with a fine pedigree, and he's worth that if he's worth a cent."

"I haven't that much," Buddy confessed sorrowfully. "I've got fifty dollars in the bank, though. And if I give you my rifle and extra saddle and all my games, will that be enough?"

Mose gave a snort, half of derision, half of mirth. "Not by a long sight," he said. "Those things and the fifty and then, say, another two hundred to swing the deal."

"Will you give me a little time?" Buddy asked.

Now Mose figured he could take the boy's possessions at once and then in two weeks, when Buddy failed to raise the additional two hundred dollars, he could claim the colt, too. That was the way Mose was growing rich. So he agreed to give Buddy time in which to raise the money. "But mind," he said as he left with the boy's cherished possessions and little bank-book, "in two weeks you'll either have to give me two hundred dollars or I get Major Rockingspeed."

Buddy again leaned against Major, pondering. Then, his face alight, he hurried to Taylor's Grocery Store. This was a small shop where his grandfather had traded, because there he was given credit. He eagerly sought Mr. Taylor. "Could you use a good delivery boy with a horse of his own?" he asked. "Now that Gramp has gone, I'll need to work my own way. Major and I could work for you, and you could get more business," he added hopefully.

The plan appealed to Mr. Taylor, who was not averse to having a manly little fellow like Buddy opening up the store for him in the morning and calling on his customers for orders and deliveries. He knew that curiosity to see the "last of the Hartwicks" as a grocery boy would bring him trade. So after what seemed to Buddy endless deliberation, Mr. Taylor said, "I'll give you ten dollars a week, a place to sleep at my house, and the feed for your horse."

To Buddy this seemed a magnificent offer, and he accepted with alacrity. It was only when he was back telling Major the good news that he realized ten dollars a week, even though he starved himself, wouldn't pay Mose the two hundred dollars demanded in two weeks. He went to Mose and told him of his promised work. "I'll be able to pay five dollars a week until Major is all paid for," he pleaded.

But Mose had looked up the pedigree of Major Rockingspeed and knew he was a more valuable colt than he had supposed. "No," he said shortly, "two hundred dollars in two weeks, or I take the horse."

Now if Buddy had told Mr. Taylor of Mose's demands, the grocer would have settled the matter at once and incidentally told Mose Greenberg what he thought of his methods. But Buddy had long kept his troubles to himself, and it never occurred to him to inflict them on Mr. Taylor.

The day after Colonel Hartwick's funeral, a sad-faced but determined boy leading a sleek young colt left the Hart-

wick estate. Buddy was running away so he could keep the Major! Down inside of him something was protesting against such an action. The voice seemed to say, "It isn't like a Hartwick to do a thing like this."

But another voice, Buddy's own, answered: "Everybody is gone except Major. I can't lose Major."

"Better lose him honorably than keep him dishonorably," the voice insisted.

Whereat Buddy threw his arms around Major's neck. "I can't let Mose have you, Maj. I can't!"

Stifling his pride and that little voice inside him, Buddy trudged on. His way took him past the cemetery, the pretty green little hill that faced into the sky. He must say good-bye to his dear ones!

Buddy led Major through the gate and to the proud Hartwick monument. The colt hung his head as in reverence to the dead; Buddy flung himself on the ground. His eyes fixed themselves on the noble white pillar commemorating the Hartwicks. He studied the family motto on it, "*Fiat justitia, ruat cælum.*" How many times his father and grandfather had explained the Latin words to him,—"Let justice be done, though the skies fall!" It was the Hartwick code!

There tingled through his mind and body a great pride of the Hartwicks! They never forgot their code,—they were always just and fair. And he was the last of the Hartwicks!

No need now for that little voice inside him to urge him!

Resolutely he led Major back towards town. His face was white and his mouth set. But in his eyes was a glint of pride and happiness. After all, he was a Hartwick!

Buddy stopped at Mr. Taylor's store. "Mr. Taylor, could you use me without my horse?" he asked.

"What do you mean?" the grocer asked. Then from Buddy's lips tumbled the whole story,—the threat of Mose Greenberg, his determination to take Major away so he could keep him, and then his decision to return.

Mr. Taylor studied the set, manly little face. Then he took Buddy by the shoulders. "Why, bless you, my little man," he shouted loudly to keep the huskiness from his throat, "we'll fix that up in no time. Mose Greenberg will be glad to take five dollars a week when I get through talking with him. You are going to keep your Major, you can be sure of that!"

For the first time, tears rolled down Buddy's cheeks—but they were tears of happiness. It was worth while to be a Hartwick!

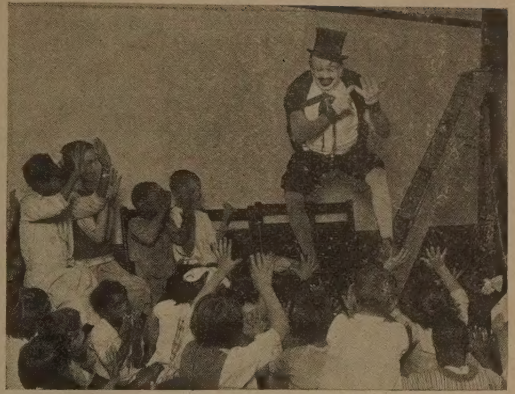
"Humpty Dumpty" Up-to-Date.

WE are all of us acquainted with "Humpty Dumpty" who lost his balance and fell off a wall, and whose unfortunate accident broke him up so badly that the combined strength of all the king's horses and all the king's men could not put him back again. We learned about him before we learned our A. B. C's.

But comes a new "Humpty Dumpty," whom most of us have never met. A very jolly and up-to-date young man is he. And his mission in life is not to lie broken in bits at the foot of a wall, but to teach boys and girls how to be strong and healthy so that they may safely retain their position in life whether on a wall or otherwise.

The new "Humpty Dumpty" carries his message to children all over the country, not only in big cities such as New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago, but also to the tiniest country towns. He is working for the National Tuberculosis Association, which wishes to teach children that eating proper food, getting plenty of sleep, outdoor play, and keeping clean, prevent sickness and help them to grow up to be strong, healthy, and happy men and women. "Humpty Dumpty" is sent out to personally carry this great message to the children. He is a round, good-natured, clumsy fellow who right before your very eyes can change unhealthful coffee into healthful milk, and produce lettuce, carrots, and onions out of a really, truly empty hat. And he does so many tricks with his big ladder that one's sides fairly ache from laughing at his antics.

When he visited the Henry Street Settlement in New York, for instance, a group of eager-eyed, squirming youngsters, ranging in age from seven to twelve years, sat in a ring on the floor of the gym. Suddenly, from behind the closed door leading into the hallway from which they had come, issued forth a loud "Whoo-Whoo-oo!" followed by a bang! Then the great man entered, "Humpty Dumpty" himself, looking just as every one had always known he would look. He carried a ladder and a top hat, and as the children greeted him with an earsplitting shout of glee, he fell over and over, tried to climb his ladder, became caught in its rungs, and finally tumbled on his head. Then he stood up, rubbed his bald white head, and raised a fat, gloved finger. In-



"How many hours of sleep? Ten."

stantly the room became silent. Why did "Humpty Dumpty" make them laugh? He made them laugh so he could see their teeth. Then with a snowy toothbrush, three feet long, he led a hundred little arms in a pantomime of correct dental movements.

From his top hat the wonder man produced an apple, an onion, a carrot, and a potato. These, he said, made boys and girls healthy and strong.

Again he made an attempt to climb his ladder, but in vain. What ailed him? Suddenly he remembered, tea and coffee, that was it; he had drunk both that day and they had made him weak—they made every one weak, in fact. Instead, what should one drink? Why, a pint of milk a day, or, better still, a quart. Then there was that matter of sleeping ten hours every night with the windows open, and deep breathing to give one strength and pep.

When he gathered up his paraphernalia and started to go, there were cheers, and howls, and pleadings for more.

This month, in every city and town, the National Tuberculosis Association will hold a sale of Christmas Seals so that "Humpty Dumpty" may continue his work. Let us buy as many of these seals as we can and help to keep him traveling and teaching in his lively fashion, that more boys and girls may know how to keep well and happy.

Young lady (on first visit to Western ranch): "For what purpose do you use that coil of line on your saddle?" Cow-puncher: "That line, you call it, lady, we use for catching cattle and horses." Young Lady: "O, indeed. Now, may I ask, what do you use for bait?"

Seaweed Is Valuable.

BY GEORGE H. HOLDEN.

HAVE you ever thought how valuable is the seaweed which we see strewn about the sea beach? The Japanese use seaweed in making boots and shoes, picture-frames, marbled floors, and electric switchboards, and many thousands of people work at sorting the weed into various kinds and preparing it for useful purposes.

You see, there are more than six hundred varieties of Japanese seaweed, and not many have not some special use or

value; indeed, the seaweed harvest in Japan is worth at least \$1,500,000 a year.

The Chinese think seaweed is very good to eat, and almost every year over six hundred thousand dollars' worth is cooked and eaten.

France also uses large quantities of seaweed in the manufacture of mattresses, and for straw hats, while the native fishermen of South Australia make many of their ropes and nets from seaweed.

In England, not long ago, seaweed was experimented with for making clothes. Seaweed cloth is of a light brown color, and is so soft that it feels almost like real wool. It may be dyed any color you wish.

A large variety of chemicals can also be made from this useful weed of the sea, as well as glue, leather for binding books, oil-cloth, insulating material for pipes, and also in the manufacture of soap.

Seaweed can assist the farmer, too. As a dressing for the ground, it fertilizes the soil and helps to produce early vegetable crops. It is also good for feeding cattle.

Then, seaweed is of great value to the paper-maker, the felt-hat manufacturer, painters, and calico-printers, and for making medicines. It is also used in photography; indeed, seaweed seems to be of use to almost every manufacturer, no matter what he makes.



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Any club member who has lost his button must send a two-cent stamp when requesting another.

CHARLESTON, S.C.,
R. F. D. 1.

Dear Miss Buck.—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school. Rev. Ralph Bailey is our minister and Mrs. Bailey is our teacher. Our Sunday school gets *The Beacon* every Sunday and I enjoy reading it.

I should like to be a member of the Beacon Club and wear its button. I would like to correspond with some members of the Club. I am eleven years old.

Your little South Carolina friend,
ROSA BAILEY.

92 LINCOLN STREET,
WINTHROP, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck.—I receive *The Beacon* every Sunday and enjoy reading the stories. I try to

solve the puzzles. I go to the Unitarian Sunday school of Winthrop. I would like to belong to the Beacon Club and wear the Beacon Club button.

Yours truly,

FRANKLIN CROSBY.

THE BIRCH CLASS
UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, CANADA.

Dear Miss Buck.—I go to one of two Sunday Schools in Alberta. I am nine years old and am in the Primary class. Our class has just been named "The Birch Class." My teacher's name is Miss Smith and we like her very much. Our minister's name is Professor Alexander.

I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club.

I remain,

Yours truly,

KENNETH ROBINSON.

(Will Kenneth tell us why the name of a tree was chosen for the name of their class?)

Which Shall It Be?

BY JULIA M. MARTIN.

A GLITTERING bit of tinsel, bought
For a tree already ablaze with light;
A trivial paper favor, placed
On the Christmas board already bright;
A length of brighter string, perhaps,
That graces a gift for you or me:
Or—a bowl of broth—the price of life—
To a wistful child across the sea?

The gleam of a simple candle's flame,
To charm and hold the gluttoned eye;
The tickling taste of a lollipop
To tempt us after the feast is by;
The price of the one wee thing too much
That palls at the end of a lavish day:
Or—bread to content a hungry waif
In a stricken country far away?

Your Own Work.

DWIGHT L. MOODY once said: "Don't go around mourning because you haven't some one else's gift. Take the armor God has given you, and if he has given you a sling and little stone, go right out and do your work!" Helen Keller, who is running her life's race so bravely, despite its great handicaps, seems to have voiced an answer to Mr. Moody's high call. "I have, like other people, I suppose, made many resolutions that I have broken or only half kept, but the one which I send you, and which was in my mind long before it took the form of a resolution, is a keynote to my life. It is this: Always to regard as mere imperfections of fate the handicaps which were placed upon my life almost at the beginning. I resolved that they should not crush or dwarf my soul, but rather be made to blossom like Aaron's rod with flowers."

Sunday School Advocate.

Church School News.

KING'S Chapel (Boston) Church School has opened for the year at the Chapel House on Chestnut Street. One of the ministers of the Chapel, either Dr. Brown or Mr. Speight, conducts the service of worship. The school is this year introducing the graded Beacon Course and starts with every prospect for a successful season.

The First Unitarian Church of Philadelphia, Rev. F. R. Griffin, minister, issues a four-page calendar describing its school for the religious education of boys and girls. Each teacher in that school is a college graduate. There is a graded course of study following the lines of the Beacon Course. The leaflet presents a very concise and appealing statement of what religious education in that church is meant to do for the pupils who regularly attend the school.

At Berkeley, Calif., the church school opened auspiciously in September, with a full corps of teachers and many new pupils.

At San Francisco Unitarian Church, the minister, Rev. Caleb S. S. Dutton, acts as Superintendent and Mrs. Dutton is in charge of the Senior division of the school, which is studying "The Sympathy of Religions" by Dr. Dodson.

In the Unitarian church school at Santa Barbara, the closing service of the school is held with the opening of the regular church service. The pupils and teachers march into the church from the Parish Hall, where the class sessions have been held, and remain for the opening service of the church. This is a custom that is followed in many of our schools.

RECREATION CORNER

ENIGMA XIX.

FOUND IN THE ZOO.

I.

I am composed of 8 letters.
My 3, 5, 4, is a horse.
My 6, 7, 8, 1, is a bird.
My 2, 6, 1, is a boat.

II.

I am composed of 10 letters.
My 4, 5, 10, 7, is on my face.
My 3, 4, is not out.
My 2, 9, 7, is a garden tool.
My 6, 1, 9, 4, 7, is an old woman.
My 5, 8, means either.

III.

I am composed of 11 letters.
My 2, 7, 10, 5, is part of a ladder.
My 1, 9, 2, is used in propelling a boat.
My 11, 4, 3, 8, is a small insect.
My 6 is an exclamation.

A. O. T.

TWISTED AUTOMOBILES.

- | | |
|--------------|----------------|
| 1. Nomo. | 6. Kldonaa. |
| 2. Jknosoa. | 7. Bktsdrueae. |
| 3. Thsula. | 8. Nrbaui. |
| 4. Rscboel. | 9. Blemaiuo. |
| 5. Lttniaao. | 10. Phlbimeuo. |

ERIC ADLARD.

HALF-SQUARE.

1. What everybody ought to love.
2. A number.
3. A personal pronoun.
4. A vowel.

E. O. S.

A RIDDLE.

I am a little character and often I am found.
I'm surely seen in *olive green*,
In *trees* I do abound.
In *kitchen* and in *chamber*,
In *market* and in *store*,
In *water pure* I am quite sure
You see me *o'er* and *o'er*.
I'm not on *land*, nor in the *sky*,
Now guess and tell me—who am I?

E. S. C.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 8.

ENIGMA XV.—The Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

ENIGMA XVI.—In God we trust.

MISSING-VOWEL BLOCKS.—Martha and Mary drag small carts and call rags all day. Six light wigs rising high swirl in this mighty wind.

WORD SQUARE.—

EDEN
DOVE
EVER
NERO

ANAGRAM.—Peace be unto thee and peace be to thine house.

THE BEACON

FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR.

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